

# GORE GAZETTE

60¢

YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE

No. 89



**G.G. EXCLUSIVE!**- THE PAIR OF TOASTED CADAVERS SHOWN ABOVE ARE THE FIRST UNFORTUNATE VICTIMS TO FALL PREY TO EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE FLESH-MUNCHING GOBLINS, THE EVIL DEAD IN THIS JUST-RELEASED STILL FROM EVIL DEAD II, SAM RAIMI'S LONG-AWAITED FOLLOW-UP TO WHAT MANY BELIEVE TO BE THE BEST HORROR FILM OF ALL TIME! THE FILM OPENS IN AN UNRATE VERSION ON MARCH 13 NATIONWIDE. **DON'T MISS IT!!!**

The post-holiday cinema lull has kept things pretty quiet on the exploitation front this month, with independent distributors unwilling to dump their product into theatres during a period where one serious snowstorm could knock out an an entire weekend's gross, leaving a

low-budget producer with virtually no film rental income and an expensive advertising campaign bill left to pay. As such, less than a half dozen genre items have hit N.Y. metro area screens over the past several weeks, leaving us room this time out to keep readers abreast with related news on the G.G. home-

front (as well as to give us yet another sleazy excuse as to why this issue was so late).... The votes have finally been tabulated and it will surely come as a surprise to no one to learn that the much-coveted G.G. GOREFILM OF THE YEAR award has been won by DEMOMS, the 1986 Dario Argento/Lamberto Bava co-production import that had little coherent plot and a very confusing pace, but featured an unending barrage of depraved carnage and enough state-of-the-art grue to smooth over the flagrant story flaws. An interesting story to illustrate this point comes from the Fabian Theatre in Paterson, N.J. where the management informs us that during the month-long engagement of DEMOMS at the hallowed urban venue, reels 3 and 4 were accidentally switched for the first three weeks of the playdates, the error remaining undetected by the usually-astute masses until a patron who actually worked on the English dubbing of the film brought it to the projectionist's attention. We rest our case! Anyway, in time-honored G.G. tradition, we usually feature a juicy shot from the GOREFILM OF THE YEAR winner on our cover, but the baughty dickweeds out at L.A.'s Ascot Entertainment (DEMOMS' domestic distributor), when notified of their much-sought-after prize declined to accept it or even provide us with a still as "the company's image has significantly upgraded and we no longer wish to be connected with nor promote our exploitative corporate origins". Well, fu-u-u-u-uck you! The G.G. sincerely hopes that Ascot soon drowns in its own lobster biqueua with this new "holier-than-thou" attitude.... While our back is up, we'd also like to sadly announce that our much-touted feature film project DEADLY METAL has been officially abandoned due to the lack of promised production funding. It seems that a group of Manhattan-based liars (oops!) lawyers enjoyed the pomp and circumstance surrounding the title of being executive producers (i.e., pre-production parties, casting couch auditions, lavish business cards and stationery, etc.), but when it came time to actually dig into their pockets to fork over production green, they were mysteriously "out-of-town", "unavailable" or "on two-week business junkets". As it became clear to us that tracking down our supposed benefactors was becoming harder than co-ordinating the actual film production, we threw in the towel and formally severed our partnership with them. If there are any wealthy philanthropists out there who wish to help finance the gore film of the century, please contact us. We have a copyrighted, full 108 page shooting script, complete budget breakdown and major casting completed, all available for your inspection. Serious inquiries only, please. (We need about \$250,000- a mere bag of shells!) The G.G. still sincerely believes that DEADLY METAL could kick some serious butt in the currentiv anemic exploitation marketplace.

Can anyone help us?.... As announced in issue, the GORE GAZETTE VIDEO STORE opened its doors late in January to a brisk influx of both rental and purchase business. However, when the smoke cleared after our first week of operations, we discovered that no less than four of our irreplaceable rare foreign masters had been ripped off by scoundrels renting tapes using phony identification. This revelation really hurt us a bit because we've always considered fellow gorehounds a demented, yet closely-knit family and to think that there are a number of thieving workbags out there hiding behind smiling faces is a shocker indeed. As a result of this, we are forced to cease all videotape rentals at the store until further notice. Tapes will be available for sale only at our usual low prices and customers who already know the titles they want are urged to phone ahead at (201) 835-8448 so they can be copied for you while you make your trek across the New Jersey hinterlands. It's a shame that a few dinguses have to ruin it for everyone, but gorehounds are still urged to come out to 120 Wanaque Avenue, Pompton Lakes, N.J., say hello, and check out our selections of posters, T-shirts and an array of the rarest, most depraved video assortment on the east coast. (Note: mail orders are still handled care of our masthead address!).... Lastly, to close what has to be our most pessimistic preamble to date, apologies to all customers who ordered the video RED HEAT offered in our last issue. Described as starring "Linda Blair and sadistic carpet muncher Sybil Danning", the flick actually pairs Blair and Sylvia (EMANUELLE) Kristel as adversaries. Several lease fans and no less than Danning's own personal agent wrote to bring this error to our attention, and we promise to make a better attempt to keep our screen queen Amazons straight in the future.... Anyway, since we've burnt up nearly 1/3 of this issue already with our nacent ramblings, let's take a look at what's been playing around:

THE KINDRED- The young filmmaking duo of Jeff Obrow and Stephen Carpenter jumps into the league of semi-big budget production with this enthralling, original monster saga concerning marine biology experiments gone awry at an isolated California beach community. After auspicious beginnings with 1982's Grade X formula slasher dud THE DORM THAT DRIPPED BLOOD through 1984's much-improved THE POWER, the pair have obviously learned their craft well, with THE KINDRED having the professional look, gloss and f/x of a film released by a major studio. Borrowing heavily from the radiation monster sci-fi quickies of the halcyon 50's, the flick (originally titled CREATCHOID) spins a rather complex tale of a young genetics research scientist who learns of his mother's controversial cloning experi-

on her deathbed and together with a group of fellow doctors, retreats to her country home to unearth her secrets. Along the way, the group encounters a mysterious femme fatale biologist interested in the same work as well as a sinister Rod Steiger who plays a deranged genius intent on claiming the dead woman's creations as his own. These turn out to be ALIEN-esque marine slime creatures of various sizes who individually rub out most of the research group throughout the course of the flick's 91 minutes until facing our protagonist, his fiance and Steiger in an ooze-drenched finale that should get gorehounds howling with glee. Much of the film's success should be credited to Michael McCracken and Matthew Mungle (an old Obrow/Carpeneter alumna), whose nifty creature creations and grisly gore effects keep KINDRED moving along at a brisk pace and maintain interest through some overly talky slumps. The addition of Steiger here proves to be an unnecessary budget expense, as aside from being a potential audience-drawing name (but for a horror movie?), his hammy performance cheva up more scenery than all of the slime monsters combined! These qualms aside, THE KINDRED is a well-made, entertaining pus-a-thon from a pair of horror-fans-turned-pro who may be Hollywood's whiz kids of tomorrow. Catch it!

WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE- The entire concept of casting the obviously-European Rutger (THE HITCHER) Hauer as the fictional great-grandson of Steve McQueen's Americana bounty hunter character Josh Randall from the late 1950's western TV series of the same name is about as plausible as signing Barbra Streisand to play the Jaw-killing daughter of Adolph Hitler in a prime time mini-series. The blow certainly must have been going around the New World offices when they gave the green light for this turkey! Exploitation master Gary Sherman (VICE SQUAD, etc.) does what he can with a non-existent script concerning Hauer being hired by his ex-CIA bosses to capture or kill a psychotic Arab terrorist (played by Gene Simmons of KISS in another stroke of bad casting) who is causing much mayhem throughout L.A. by pulling stunts like firebombing movie theatres where RAMBO is playing, slashing the throats of rabbis, etc. The flick takes nearly a full hour to get rolling, with its overlong 104 minutes rounded out with endless shots of Hauer scowling or static sequences of terrorist atrocities that are meticulously set up, but never deliver any degree of gore-drenched carnage. The film's last-minute finale where Hauer blows off Simmons' head by putting a hand grenade in his mouth and pulling the pin is worth it for those gorehounds who've had to listen to their younger siblings' KISS records too many times over the past couple of years, but for the rest of us WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE is merely an exploitative, rip-off bore



UNIDENTIFIED HIT MAN AND FLIPSIDE RECORDS PROPRIETOR DAN "GUINNESS" DONDIEGO CELEBRATE THE GRAND OPENING OF THE G.G. VIDEO STORE WITH THE CEREMONIAL BUTCHERING OF A POMP-TON LAKES VIRGIN IN FRONT OF THE STORE.

that should be avoided at all costs!

WIRED TO KILL- With the American film market being glutted with MAD MAX imitative post-apocalyptic low budgeters from nearly every country in the free world, debuting U.S. director Franky Schaeffer unfortunately has as much chance as a snowball in hell in turning a profit from this well-intentioned no-budgeter that treads the same timeworn turf. Originally filmed as BOOBY TRAP, Schaeffer sets the plot in 1998 where following a devastating plague, survivors are forced to bend to the whim of packs of marauding mutant punks who rape, pillage and rob their way through the countryside. After one such attack, a resourceful teen (whose legs have been broken by the thugs) and his girlfriend get individual revenge on the gang via brutal sabotage. Aided by a SHORT CIRCUIT-like robot named Winston, the pair dispatch the goons in uniquely depraved styles (ie., a castrating motorcycle saat, an electrocuting walkman, substituting battery acid for cocaine, etc) that were originally filmed with some graphically grisly gore effects from Michele Burke, caveman concocter from QUEST FOR FIRE. Unfortunately, most of these were later edited out of the final release print after the threat of an X rating from the MPAA. Throughout the film, Schaeffer strives for production values well outside of his shoestring budget and as a result the flick has a haphazard pace with some major continuity problems. Though obviously a hard-wrought labor of love, WIRED TO KILL is far too flawed and derivative to make it worth the trip to your neighborhood

grindhouse.

**DEADTIME STORIES**- The month of January definitely sizes up as a "young director's showcase" in the N.Y. metro area with Jeff Delman making his directoral debut in this highly entertaining low budget anthology piece. Filmed sporadically between 1982 and 1985 as Delman scraped up production capital under its original title of **FREAKY FAIRY TALES**, **DEADTIME** uses a unique framing device of a slyly esoteric uncle telling his bratty nephew a trio of depraved, bawdy variations on well-known fairy tales as a means of scaring the annoying tot to sleep. The first of these stories involves two misshapen witches who need to tear out a young virgin's bleeding heart in order to revive their dead sister; the second introduces us to Little Red "Running" Hood, a buxom beauty who must conceal her sexual promiscuity from a noxy grandmother while protecting the both of them from a drug-addled werewolf named Willis; the finale features a deranged axe murderer named Goldi Locks and her escapades with the psychotic Baer family who have just broken out of a state mental institution. All episodes are presented with tongue planted firmly in cheek with Delman providing plenty of nudity and fully utilizing Ed French's gruesomely graphic special effects to effectively mix some state-of-the-art chunk blowing grossness in between the corny one-liners. The only problem a packed 42nd St. audience found with the film was an embarrassingly obvious herpes blister on the lip of the poor actress who played "Running" Hood, eliciting groans and lewd comments everytime a close-up of her face appeared on screen. Aside from that, **DEADTIME STORIES** is about as good as a low budgetter can get, and Delman deserves sincere congratulations for seeing his first film project reach successful fruition!

**WARRIOR QUEEN**- Perennial Grade Z sexploitation classball Chuck Vincent (**PREPPIES**, etc.) finally makes it into film history books if only for directing the shortest movie released in contemporary cinema over the past quarter century. Clocking in at a sparse 69 minutes, **QUEEN** still manages to be quite boring in its lumbering tale of Sybil Danning visiting the village of Pompeii as an emissary of Rome days before the eruption of the legendary volcano. Vincent cheats by splicing in some grainy mis-matched gladiator spectacle footage and assorted volcanic disaster panic lifted from an early 1970's Italian-made adventure epic called **POMPEII** in an attempt to beef up his non-existent budget. Not since the days of Independent-International and their abortion smorgasbords like **HORROR OF THE BLOOD MONSTERS** has anyone attempted a rip-off so blatant on the movie-going public. The sultry Sybil looks embarrassed to be in this abuse of movie

time metering more than 70 minutes throughout the entire film and never once taking off any of her clothes. Donald Pleasence picked up a couple day's booze money by acting as the decadent emperor of Pompeii who with his bald pate and effeminate manner more laughably resembles NY Mayor Ed Koch than any Roman senator. Not even Vincent's patented array of full-frontal California beach bunny nudity can salvage this clunker, leaving **WARRIOR QUEEN** an early front runner for worst film of the year, if not the entire decade!

With the opening of our new store, we've substantially augmented our video vaults and have now compiled an 8 page super-primo all new **G.G. TOP SECRET VIDEO LIBRARY LISTING** featuring the usual unprintable offerings as well as some rare rock items and related genre chestnuts. Since we really need the money after popping for the store, we are asking readers to send off another \$3 for this blue ribbon listing with the usual guarantee that your money will be refunded with your first order. Now can you lose? Certainly you've blown far more money trying to pick up dirty-legs at your neighborhood tavern. Send off your order today c/o our masthead logo.

**RARE VIDEOS**: Good quality copies of **MONSTER SHARK** (Lamberto **DEMONS** Bava rare 1983 directoral debut using his dad Mario's pseudonym John Old, Jr., this outing features gore, the expected level of nudity and a goofy-looking creature that is half octopus and half reptile. Not available in the US.), **MASSACRE AT ORGY LOVE CAMP** (easily the find of the month, this Italian import sickie features the alluring Laura **BLACK EMANUELLE** Genser as a female Jim Jones who runs a whorehouse under the guise of a religious retreat and keeps her followers in line with the fear of rape, humiliation and torture. For fans of *Ilsa*-style sadism!), **TENNESSEAN** (the completely uncut version of Dario Argento's unreleased in the US 1984 slasher classic), **G.G. ROADSHOW RARITIES** (a hand-picked selection of impossible to find exploitation trailers culled from the legendary "roadshow" skin merchants of the 1940's, 50's and early 60's. Nearly one hour's worth of howlers with titles like **MATED**, **ESCORT GIRL**, **I MARRIED A SAVAGE**, **SUNDAY SINNERS**, etc. Must be seen to be believed!) and **G.G. DEPRAVITIES: 1987** (yet another painstakingly-crafted selection of full-length theatrical trailers from the past 15 years featuring some little known rarities like **RIOT ON 42ND ST.**, **BAD GIRLS DORMITORY**, **CANNIBALS IN THE STREETS**, and a few other unmentionable surprises. This package runs a full 80 minutes and is recommended). All titles are in **VHS ONLY** and are available for \$19.95 each (plus \$2.50 postage). Please allow 4 weeks for delivery! Send checks or money orders to the **Gore Gazette**, 73 N. Fullerton Avenue, Montclair, N.J. 07042.